

25 Children a Blessing

Mrs. Sam Swartwood
ON THE
Joys of Motherhood

Chapter after chapter might be written about the management of Mrs. "Sam" Swartwood, and much interesting data, domestic, scientific and moral, be deduced from a study of the methods pursued by that lady in raising her phenomenally large family. Mrs. Swartwood has borne twenty-five children, eighteen of whom are still living. She is an intelligent American born woman of forty-three years. Her ancestors have lived for generations in the beautiful Wyoming Valley, in Pennsylvania, and she and her husband, a locomotive engine driver, are among the most highly respected people of Mountain Top, a village eight miles from Wilkesbarre.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Swartwood were both born, and here, too, in the comfortable eight room house in which they are living, were born their twenty-five sons and daughters.

"Yes, I'm the mother of twenty-five children, and I'm proud of it," declared Mrs. Swartwood, swinging back and forth in her low wooden rocking chair in an effort to hush the sleepy, fretful baby in her arms. The rocking

chair was shiny and the paint had long since been worn off. It had been one of her wedding presents, Mrs. Swartwood explained, and the child in her arms was the twenty-fifth she had rocked to sleep in that same chair.

The kitchen where Mrs. Swartwood sat was a big, sunshiny room, with a mammoth dining table and a big, highly polished cook stove, on which the family dinner was merrily boiling and bubbling. Three hot checked girls, the elder daughters, were ironing, and depositing piece by piece on the clothes horse innumerable small shirts and "panties" and aprons for the very little ones, and garments of all descriptions and ever increasing size for the other members of the family. A marvellous display of home laundry work it was.

Had to Stop and Count Them.

"Yes, there's twenty-five—two dozen and one more for good measure," continued Mrs. Swartwood, shifting the baby from her right arm to her left. "How many girls and how many boys? Well, now, I'm blessed if I can tell you without stopping to count them. It's

funny, isn't it, that a mother can hardly ever say right off how many boys and girls she has? Anyhow, I can't without counting them every time."

"Now, let me see. There's Maude, she's one, and Cora is two, and Blanche three, May and Elsie and Ruth make four, five six; Gertrude is seven, Flora eight. Esther and—Edith, that's ten—ten girls and fifteen boys."

"You didn't count Lottie, mother," remarked one of the girls who was ironing.

"Didn't? Well, then, Lottie makes eleven—that's it, I remember now—eleven girls and fourteen boys. Surely I ought not to forget those numbers. Again," and a tired smile crept into the mother's eyes.

"And the boys; what are their names?" I asked.

Counts Them on Her Fingers.

Mrs. Swartwood wrinkled her brow reflectively and began, counting them off slowly on her fingers:

"There's Walter—he's the oldest—Louis and Thaddeus and Herbert and Warren and Samuel and Daniel and Alonzo and Elmer and Calvin and

Benjamin and Earl and Jesse and Arthur. That makes fourteen, doesn't it?"

The baby had fallen to sleep, and Ruth, the fifteen-year-old daughter, who had been superintending the dinner, carried the unconscious little burden into the adjoining bedroom.

On the porch and in the yard behind the house the younger children were playing and shouting at the top of their voices. Mrs. Swartwood breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the perspiration from her forehead with a corner of her apron.

She is a dark eyed, dark haired woman, of medium weight and height, and not at all robust in appearance. A tired smile—the smile of the patient mother who never knows a moment's rest—hovers almost perpetually about her mouth and eyes.

"Ruth, bring me the Bible," she said, when the girl had returned. "I just want you to see for yourself. Some people won't believe me when I say I've had twenty-five babies."

Married at Thirteen Years.

"You must have been married very young," I suggested.

THE GOLDEN BALL BY SIMON T. STERN

When the sons of King Beneficent were very young they went to school, the Wizard Wiseman acting as their teacher. One spring day he called the three young princes to his cell and spoke to them as follows:

"Princes, I give you greeting. I want each of you to write a poem. To the one who writes the best original poem by tomorrow I shall give this golden ball," and he held out a splendid golden ball that sparkled in the sunlight.

The youngest prince, Richard, went at once to his room and started in to write, for he was very anxious to win

the splendid trophy. His brothers saw, and flouted him. "Work away, you grind," said they derisively. "Writing poetry is a talent, not drudgery. We shall not work half as hard and I dare say our poems shall be twice as good." But Richard said nothing and continued his work.

John and James were quite as eager as he to gain the golden ball; this time they were not only rivals to Richard, but to each other. John went at once to his room and James to his. Each of them had already concocted a plan, and they were impatient to start.

As soon as James reached the room

AMAZING EXPLOIT BY D. B. WAGGENER

Let us suppose that you are having a little party at your house and that you have played lots of games, eaten lots of good things, and are waiting for somebody to give you a new kind of amusement. All at once a boy steps out and says that he has learned how to cut a pane of glass with a pair of scissors, and that he can do it just as easily as if the pane of glass were a sheet of cardboard.

Of course you all laugh and try to show him that you are not to be fooled by any such nonsense as that, for you

think he is merely gulling you. But the boy is in earnest, and says he is ready to prove that he can do it if you will furnish him with a pair of scissors, a pane of glass and a tub partly filled with water.

Then the boy takes off his coat—you will excuse him under the circumstances—and rolls his shirt sleeves above his elbows. Taking the scissors in his right hand and the pane of glass in his left, he sinks both entirely under the surface of the water in the tub, and with them thus submerged he begins the cutting.

Naturally you wonder at the feat

NAVY AT THE CORONATION



Music That Had No Charms. The Office Boy's Mischief.

For the fourth time that day the squeaky notes of a barrel organ floated up from the street. Van Bibber was furious.

"It's enough to drive a fellow to the 'bug' ward," he stormed, throwing down his pen and rushing to the window. "I'll have to appeal to the police to keep these nerve wreckers away. Why on earth do they stop here? I don't give them anything."

Just then the door opened and a smiling foreigner extended his awarthy hand.

"No, I haven't anything for you and I don't want to hear any of your music. Get out!"

Van Bibber pushed the intruder out and slammed the door. Then, after the squeaking had ceased, he resumed work at his desk. Hardly had he made an entry in the big ledger before another organ arrived. This object of torture had a sprained roller, and when it started to play "Go 'Way Back and Sit Down" it was enough to pro-

The Wrong Boy Got the Spanking

A Detroit man was traveling with his son, and wishing to transact some business with the conductor, he said: "Now, Willie, I'm going to be away just a few minutes. You sit right here and don't move a bit. If you do, I'll spank you good and hard. So don't stick your head out of the window. You might have it taken off, if you do; then you wouldn't have any head, and you'd get a spanking besides."

The father went away to find the conductor. After a few minutes he came back.

There was little Willie, just his feet and the seat of his trousers sticking in through the window. He appeared to be more outside than inside, and whenever a telegraph pole whizzed by and looked especially close, he would make a lunge for it, as if trying to catch it.

The father did not hesitate. He made a grab for the boy just as the latter made a lunge for a pole. He pulled him in by the heels, laid him over his knees, and began to fulfill his promise. The little fellow yelled and yelled until he almost drowned out the noise of the train, but during a lull in the uproar the father heard a snicker behind him. He laid the boy down and turned to see what it meant.

There, two seats behind and across the aisle, was his son, with two fingers stuffed in his mouth to keep his merriment in. The man rubbed his eyes and looked again, but there was no mistake.

He looked at the boy in his lap. Behind the tears was a face he had never seen before. He had spanked some other man's son.—Galveston Daily News.

THE CAPTIVE CROCUS

A little maid with golden hair,
When winter snows were deep,
Was imprisoned in a narrow cell
Within a donjon deep.
Her captor was a wizard king,
Tyrannical and old;
Twin warders watched her night and day,
Their names were Dark and Cold.
A prince came riding through the wood,
His waving plume was green,
And thick with crystal brocade
His tunic's silken green.
He slew the warders in their tower,
O'erthrew the ancient king,
And happy lovers forth they went.
The crocus and the spring.
MINNA IRVING.

SAMOAN OBSERVATORY

Near Apia, in Samoa, will soon be established, under the auspices of the Academy of Science of Gottingen, a magnetic observatory, of which Professor A. Nippoldt, the Berlin astronomer, will be the director. The reasons why Apia has been selected are because it is to the south of the magnetic equator and because at an equal distance to the north is the Observatory of Honolulu.

The meteorologists at these two stations will make investigations in regard to terrestrial magnetism, atmospheric electricity, meteorology and seismology. That their labors will result in adding a good deal to our present knowledge of these subjects is regarded by European scientists as certain.

Stella—So Mabel's married! Who's the happy man?
Bella—Don't think there is any—New York Sun.

Serious Results of Cat and Dog Hatred

Everybody knows how much a dog and cat hate each other, but it is very seldom that their dislikes lead to such serious results as did a difference that lately occurred between a bulldog and a black cat in a fruit store.

The owner of the bulldog used to let him run around in the cellar for exercise, but one morning the dog got tired of his narrow quarters, and went up stairs, into a neighboring fruit store, where the black cat lived.

Of course, the cat did not like to have any one come into her home without an invitation, much less one of her old natural enemies—the dogs. So as soon as the dog entered out jumped the cat full upon him, and, of course, a fight followed, which naturally drew into it the owner of the fruit store and the owner of the dog.

The dog, being very lively, soon turned over several baskets of fruit and upset the stands of oranges and peaches, while their masters were vainly trying to settle the row. As there seemed no early settlement in sight, the owner of the cat and fruit stand called in a policeman, but in the meantime the dog had virtually gotten the best of the fight, having caught the cat by the neck, and all the coaxing and pulling would not persuade him to let go.

The owner of the dog pulled and pounded, and the policeman, seeing a way out, put his "billy" between Bruno's teeth and pried open his jaws, only to find that the cat was so badly mangled that it had to be killed, which the policeman did with two bullets from his revolver.

Bruno's owner settling the difference by paying the damage, they both went out, after having learned once more that cats and dogs have a standing disagreement that in but few instances is overcome.

TO SUCCEED MARTINELLI



Mgr. Falconio has been selected by Pope Leo to succeed Cardinal Martinelli as Papal delegate to the United States at Washington. Mgr. Falconio will not enter upon his important duties until October next. He has been selected for his diplomacy, profound learning and perfect command of the English language.

"Then the goose feels something tugging at her leg, and she swims along about as hard as she can, but this only makes the tugging worse. The only way to get away from that awful something, she thinks, is to get out of the water.

"So with wildly beating wings she makes for the shore at a rattling pace."

HELEN'S "BOOSIN" FLY

A little 3-year-old of my acquaintance, whose quick wit is the admiration of her friends, sat one evening, watching an industrious spider spinning its web in a window corner. She watched the insect intently for a time, and, turning to her father, asked: "What is the spider doing, papa?"

"What is the greatest difficulty? Well, I should say the sewing. Of course, it isn't so bad now, but when my first fifteen or sixteen children were small it kept me busy keeping them covered, and it took up and tuck to find money to buy material; but I managed to get through all right, and to keep them always looking neat. I wore out three sewing machines doing it, though, and that is my fourth," pointing to the new cabinet machine in the corner.

"I am afraid sometimes I am not thankful enough for my blessings. Here I have my eighteen healthy, hearty children all about me. They are all good, honest boys and girls. I never heard one of my boys utter an oath, and I never knew one of them to take a drink of whiskey. The older boys work over in the railroad yards with their father, and bring their wages home to me every Saturday night. No mother ever had so many such good, dutiful children as I have, and yet I sometimes get very unhappy—thinking if only the other seven had lived to grow up."

Sensible Money Savers.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives put him into a coffin and bury him. The mourning does not begin until after burial.